

# Good Morning 653

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## News Hunt for Coxn. Alfred Mallett

OUR representative searched high and low in South Street, St. Austell, for No. 33, to get some home news for Coxswain Alfred Mallett, D.S.M. and bar.

After No. 32 there was a long doorless wall, and the next house was 74. "Try the other side of the street where the odd numbers are," said passers by, trying to be helpful.

Eventually, with the aid of a postman, who pointed out No. 33, lying in its garden where house No. 54 should have been, "Good Morning" knocked at the right door and learnt that Mrs. Mallett was at Par Docks working for a firm of shipbuilders—and it was here she gave us the interview.

"I'm afraid it came as a surprise to Alfred, my working here again after my illness," said Mrs. Mallett. "But tell him I feel well now and it's so much better than doing nothing. I work at a useful job and enjoy the company and the chatter of my girl friends. I don't work at painting any more. Now there is very little exertion in the work, and I'm happy at it. I feel I ought to do whatever I can, especially as our 12 years old daughter, Lynn, is at school all day."

Lynn is doing fine at the piano and is progressing very well with her school studies.

Your wife certainly looked very well, Cox. Mallett, and as you see by the photograph she is as well as she looks, too!

## HOME TOWN GOSSIP

EVER heard of the Bishop of Egypt and the Sudan? He is Dr. Llewellyn Henry Gwynne, a native of Swansea who will be 83 in June. On his 80th birthday he was promised the gift of an aeroplane if he reached his 90th birthday. The condition was that he learned to fly it himself!

Recently he has been busy on the training job. He made a flying tour of his diocese which with an area of a million square miles, is one of the largest in the world.

In spite of his 46 years' service in Egypt and tropical Sudan, he has remarkable mental and physical vitality. His luncheon parties are well-known. He never fails to smoke a cigar and is noted for his shrewd comments on men and affairs.

### OLD BILL.

WILLIAM BRACE is a name to conjure with in Wales. Every miner and every miner's son for more than one generation knows Bill and his famous (Cartoonist's joy) moustache. 80 years old next September is William Brace, a pioneer of the South Wales Miners' Federation.

The Federation has just wound up, having passed into the newly formed all-in-one Mineworkers' Union for Britain. Bill came along to the

final wind-up dinner in a Cardiff cinema cafe, and made the house ring with the greatest fighting speech of the evening.

### G.O.M.

A GRAND old man of Glamorgan has passed on. He is 5ft. 4in. Capt. Lionel Lindsay, who had to stretch his neck to speak to the big hefty lads who have always composed the Glamorgan Police, of which he was chief for 45 years.

His mother was the sister of the first Viscount Tredegar who led the famous charge at Balaclava.

A native of Dublin he was an all-round sportsman, and in 1931, when he was 70, he entered an open swimming championship at Cardiff baths and carried off a prize.

### HELP.

IF YOU expect to be home in the next few months, or for that matter later, and want to know anything about Civvy street prospects in Wales, write to 97, St. Mary-street, Cardiff.

There the Ministry of Labour has opened one of its first "Re-settlement Advice Bureaux."

They will tell you all about your chances of a house, where you can obtain grants to start a business, and how to get about fixing furniture permits.

# Six Years Agony of SACCO AND VANZETTI

## STUART MARTIN writes of American Crime

MAYBE you remember that there broke out about the year 1919, a kind of international hysteria or fervour, against "Communism." It spread like a plague—or an enthusiasm—from Europe to U.S.A. In Britain, one national newspaper advised people not to buy Russian butter "because there are bugs in it." In U.S.A. they saw "bugs" in anything bordering on communism.

It went so far that some States passed what were called "anti-communism-syndicalism" laws. Patriotism was the song to sing. Speeches were made, banners flown, and the great cry was "save our institutions from the Bolsheviks," or anybody else who had opposing political views. In reality, the whole campaign was a kind of insanity of fear.

Now, I have had to say this because it is the background against which some crimes can be accurately focused.

To change the metaphor, this was the root that nourished the flower of legal revenge. And not a few people in U.S.A. now admit that the executions of Nicola Sacco and Bertolomeo Vanzetti are not the brightest spots in American criminal annals.

Both Sacco and Vanzetti were emigrants who had come to America, and both were "known" to have anarchist leanings. They belonged to such a group in Boston, which city has long been known as the highbrow town. Sacco had come to the town in 1917 and was an expert shoemaker. His boss said he was the fastest edge-trimmer in a factory of 3,000 people.

Sacco's home was in Torremaggiore, Italy. He had a wife and two children, boy and girl; yet he sent home a remittance out of his low wages to his parents.

In 1918 he was leader of a shoe workers' strike. He won it for the workers, too.

Vanzetti had entered America in 1914, and worked for a while at a cordage plant at Plymouth. There they made ropes and cordage twine from

sisal hemp, and the cordage was used for harvest bindings.

In 1916 Vanzetti led 4,000 operatives out on strike for more wages. Their pay was about nine dollars a week. The women were paid about eight dollars. That works out at about £2 5s. and £2 respectively.

It was a big strike, police were called out to keep order, and the end of it was that the 4,000 walked back to the factory having won their case. But not Vanzetti. He was told that "his services were no longer required." Vanzetti took up the job of peddling fish.

On May 3, 1920, an Italian printer, Andrea Salsedo, and another man, Robert Elia, were arrested in Brooklyn on a vague charge called "suspicion of radicalism." That may be interpreted as "communism." Anyway, Salsedo about a week later threw himself out of an 11th storey window of the U.S. Department of Justice office in New York City.

Elia was deported (which was the law's reply to any anarchist opinions) but before he left America he wrote out a statement saying that Salsedo and he had been "grilled and tortured" by the police, who wanted them to plead guilty to anarchism.

Sacco and Vanzetti took up the cudgels and held mass meetings of protest.

Shortly after Salsedo's death they were attending a meeting of this kind at Brockton, Mass., when they were both arrested as they were in a street car. They were taken to the police station and questioned, but refused to give any information.

The next day they were charged with robbery and murder. The charge—I saw it—said they were members of a gang of bandits, who had, on the 15th April, at 3 p.m., carried out daylight holdup robbery in Braintree near Boston, in which a paymaster of a factory was shot dead and 15,000 dollars stolen.

Both Sacco and Vanzetti were found to be carrying revolvers



when arrested. Asked to explain this, they said the weapons were carried "for protection."

Vanzetti was also charged with an attempted pay-roll robbery at Bridgewater, near Boston, and was sentenced to fifteen years for this alone.

I can't forget the remark of the judge (Thayer) when he uttered the sentence. "This man," he said, "although he may not have actually committed the crime attributed to him, is nevertheless morally capable, because he is an enemy of our existing institutions."

You could not imagine a British judge saying that and getting away with it; but things happen in U.S.A.

In regard to the main charge of murder, there was some outcry, especially among the Italian workers of New England. They openly said the charge was false and there certainly was some support for the belief that the killing was the work of professional bandits.

For one thing, both Vanzetti and Sacco while they were poor men were known to be not of the bandit type. Anarchists, yes, but anarchists of the theoretical kind.

Many labour unions contributed to the defence fund to fight the charge. The prosecution relied mainly on witnesses who said they had seen the two accused in Braintree on the day in question. But when it came to details the witnesses were not all agreed. One said Vanzetti was driving a car.

Another said that Vanzetti was in the back seat. A third swore Vanzetti was sitting next the driver.

Yet another witness said Vanzetti had arrived by a morning train. He was followed by a witness who declared Vanzetti had arrived by night train. And some witnesses against Sacco were also contradictory.

For the defence witnesses came forward to swear that Sacco and Vanzetti had been seen and spoken to in Boston on April 15. One of these witnesses was the clerk of the Italian Consulate who said that at a few minutes after 3 p.m. Sacco was in his office asking for a passport to Italy.

Six different witnesses swore they saw Vanzetti selling fish in Plymouth, which is 35 miles from Braintree.

The judge ultimately summed up—against the prisoners. He suggested they were "slackers, because they had refused military service," and more to the same effect.

To cut a long story short, a verdict of Guilty was brought in; and the sentence was Death.

When the dread words were spoken, Vanzetti seemed to rise to a certain height of exultation. In his clipped English he cried, "I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have die as a failure. Now we are no failure. The taking of our lives—the lives of poor shoemaker and poor fish-peddler—that is all you do. The last moment is ours. That agony, eat is our triumph. Sol!"

I think there were some in that Court when judgment was given who felt somehow that Vanzetti had scored a hit there. It was a defiance of all the laws of capital punishment; and it thrilled.

But Sacco and Vanzetti did not die as quickly as was expected. The defence asked for a new trial. Legal arguments and counter arguments were (Continued on Page 3)

## Calling E.R.A. Douglas Lording

LIFE is very empty nowadays complained your wife when we called at 9, Southfield-Close, Hillingdon, Middlesex, E.R.A. Douglas Lording. She was busy writing to you when we called, but she put down her pen long enough to tell us what has been happening at home lately.

Your wife has apparently been putting in some work in the garden, for some of your rock plants are blooming. She told us you were keen on gardening, but added that you were best at growing weeds.

We were asked to let you know that your bother Jack has moved to Cumberland, and that Frank was still enjoying Army life, or so we were told. His



wife is now making good progress and is well on the way to recovery.

Doris is, as usual, hard at work in Sussex, and still makes the journey each day.

We left Mrs. Lording look-

ing forward to a trip to Bournemouth with her mother and sisters, which she was hoping to make a few weeks after we called. She sends you all her love, Douglas.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:

"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# 'Ware of the

ALMOST the first public mention of the use of the Black Light and fluorescent powder combination by the police in this country was made at Edinburgh Sheriff Court recently, when a thief, unmasked by this new weapon of law and order, was convicted and sent to gaol. He did not even know that the powder which trapped him was on his clothes!

The statement by a police official at the court, that the new method "has tremendous possibilities as a handicap to crime," was in no sense an exaggeration.

If anything, it was an understatement!

The use of Black Light in conjunction with fluorescent compounds, in fact, promises a revolution in police methods all over the world.

A recent example of its use in America is a perfect illustration of the system in practice.

An employee at a war factory there—let us call him Carl Schmidt—had conceived a fool-proof plan for sabotaging vital machines in a secret department of the plant.

Having succeeded in obtain-

ing employment in another section of the factory, Schmidt automatically became the owner of an unforgeable identification card.

Patiently awaiting his opportunity, he found it one day, when, by a combination of circumstances, he was able to mix with the workers entering the secret department of the factory for a new shift.

In his pockets were pellets of carborundum dust, which, if dropped into the machines, would wreck thousands of pounds' worth of plant and create a serious bottleneck in production.

Taking his place in the line of workers filing past the gatekeeper's cabin, Schmidt in turn pushed his quite genuine identification card through the window slit and moved on.

But before he could take two steps the gates slammed in his face and police officers seized him so quickly that he couldn't even get rid of his carborundum pellets.

Schmidt is now serving a very long term in gaol!

The card he had pushed through the window had come under the invisible rays

of a lamp emitting Black Light and had failed to show an equally invisible design printed on the other workmen's cards in fluorescent ink.

These are two comparatively simple examples of the far-reaching effects of Black Light, to understand which it is only necessary for the layman to know that certain substances, fluorescent in nature, contain colour rays which are only activated by Black Light shining on them.

We have already seen that Black Light itself is invisible. That is because all light rays, like radio waves, vary in frequency. It is the medium waves which we know and see as light. Others are too fast or too slow to be visible to the human eye.

Black Light, a form of ultra-violet radiation, is one of them. Like a high wind, it cannot be seen—but its effects most certainly can!

The greatest research work on Black Light by any one man has almost certainly been done by a young scientist, Jack Andrew DeMent, a phenomenon among research workers, and who, at the age of 23, has as long an entry in a standard directory of scientists as Einstein!

He is credited with virtually inventing a new science—the science of fluochemistry; and he has already written five technical books on the subject. His findings, crystallised in DeMent's Law of Fluorescence,

are said to be as important as Isaac Newton's discovery of the Law of Gravity.

He began with a child's chemistry set at the age of nine—and has never stopped since!

In the last fourteen years DeMent has discovered upwards of 8,000 substances which react to the invisible rays of Black Light, and his findings have created as much excitement in police circles as they have among scientists.

Many big American banks, seizing on the great protective value of his discoveries, have already installed Black Light lamps over their cashiers' desks, and a number of criminals have been caught by them.

A case in point was that of a certain kidnapper.

The banknotes handed over to him under conditions of secrecy were painted with invisible fluorescent chemicals, and when, in the capacity of a "respected citizen," he paid the money into his account, he was promptly arrested. Passing beneath the rays of Black Light on the cashier's desk, the apparently normal banknotes flashed out the words "Ransom Money" in a vivid green glow.

Black Light reaches its invisible, probing rays into many strange corners of the criminal world.

An unusual example is that once profitable racket of faked Old Masters and other paintings, for among DeMent's achievements is the discovery

that Black Light can identify pigments used in paints.

Thus, as certain pigments are known to have been in existence for only a limited number of years, their presence revealed by Black Light in an allegedly centuries-old canvas obviously means the end of that particular little swindle.

In addition to the anti-crime effects of DeMent's discoveries, he has been doing vital secret work for the military authorities.

Only one or two of the results of this work can be mentioned.

One is his transparent fluorescent "window," which, slipped over a military map and used in conjunction with the invisible rays of a Black Light pocket lamp, enables every detail to be clearly read in the middle of a dark forest on a black night—and without showing any light to the enemy!

Another application of his transparent fluorescent compound is in secret signalling by day or night.

Using field glasses whose lenses have been painted with the compound, a man can read morse signals from a Black Light torch operated from behind enemy lines and whose "flashes" are invisible to the human eye.

Another type of fluorescent compound can be used by Commando troops to paint invisible signs and messages on walls or rocks, which can be

read only by troops carrying Black Light torches.

To mention only one other product of DeMent's research, the well-known compound packed on life-rafts, and which, poured into the sea, creates a brilliant yellow light visible from rescue aircraft at great distances, is a fluorescent mixture. This one alone has saved many valuable lives.

These fluorescent compounds can be mixed in varying colours, and could thus be used for many purposes of invisible identification.

The possibility of banknotes treated with the compounds has already been outlined; equally obvious is the possibility of using them to expose cheque frauds.

Once Black Light gets properly into its stride and is installed and in use on a wide scale, almost any form of banknote, cheque, or indeed any stolen property may become altogether too hot to hold.

And the still youthful DeMent, whose name is already honoured in the world of science, may find himself also placed in that select list which includes the names of Bertillon and other famed leaders in the war against crime.

## ALEX CRACK

Two strangers were sitting in a railway carriage. One was very voluble, the other somewhat reserved. The voluble one laid down the law on several points, and at last, perceiving that his companion looked doubtful, raised his voice and said: "What I say is as plain as A.B.C." "That may be," replied the other, "but you see, I'm D.E.F."

## QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 652

1. Blewits is a kind of fly, froth on beer, edible fungus, musical instrument?
2. How many full Bishops are there in England (C. of E.)?
3. What is the difference between (a) humour, (b) huma?
4. Who is the Governor of Northern Ireland?

5. How long is a nail?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Component, Ingredient, Accessory, Constituent, Element

## I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

IN addition to new strip and cold rolling mills at Port Talbot, Llanelli, and the Swansea area, where tinplates will be made on the most modern processes, which will mean a big expansion in export trade, the Swansea Valley is to be the centre of a big development of watch and clock making. And many more factories are being run up. They are all in addition to the present war and Royal Ordnance factories, all of which are to be turned over to making pots and pans, vacuum cleaners, wireless and motor-car components, furniture, and many other things "new" to Wales.

Work for all is the aim, and Hugh Dalton, who was born at Neath, has promised to see that Wales is never again a "black" area. This is not politics. It is not the promise of a political tub-thumper, but the genuine planning of a far-sighted economist.



MRS. SARAH ELIZABETH TAPPER, of Yealmpton, celebrated her hundredth (?) birthday recently.

No one in the family has any definite record of her age—hence the query!

Mrs. Hingston, one of the old lady's daughters, with whom she lives, says that she is only 99. Her son, Mr. William Tapper, however, has a family Bible which states that she was born in 1845. But this entry may be wrong, as it was made many years after when one of the family entered up the birthdays of Mrs. Tapper's eight children.

Efforts are being made to discover some official record to settle the family "argument."



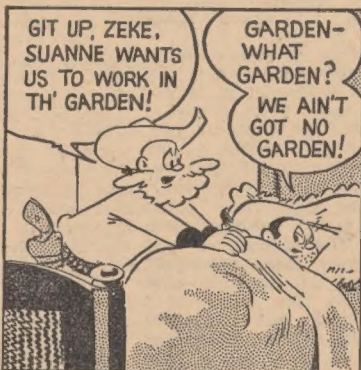
ASHBURTON, Devon, hit on a novel idea at a dance to raise money for its Services "Welcome Home" Fund, when a competition was held to determine the local "pin-up" girl.

Winner was 15-year-old Maureen Baldwin. Other villages are expected to follow suit.



"LOTH!" One front tooth by Susie Westbrook. Finder pleath return immediately becauthe it ith impairing herspeeth.

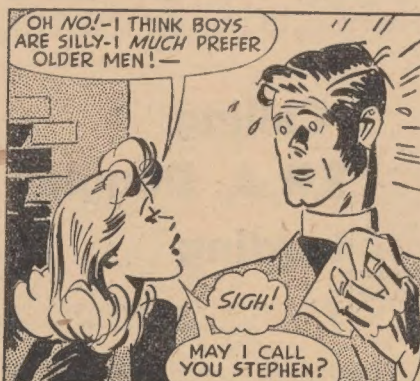
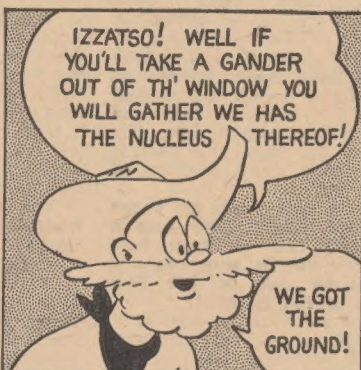
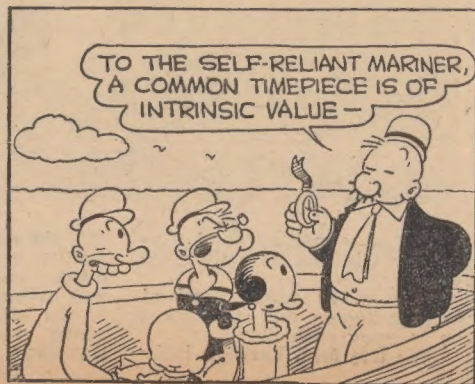
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 592

- 1. Behead a failure and get part of a church.
- 2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Vile toro si fo vole het lai fo yonem.*
- 3. What girl's name has U for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He will stones at the — on the roof, especially when they disturb his sleep.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 591

- 1. K-nave.
- 2. Better be hanged for a sheep than a lamb.
- 3. Janet.
- 4. Teachers, cheaters.

JANE

SACCO AND VANZETTI

(Continued from Page 1)

carried to higher courts. The year passed and the arguments still continued.

Another year passed, and yet another. In all six years passed during which appeals were made to authorities, the Governor of Mass. (Alvan T. Fuller) and all the courts that could hear the case.

I cannot go into all the ways and means sought to overthrow the verdict. Legal battles unprecedented in the history of American jurisprudence raged and the waves of the conflict surged far beyond American shores.

There was not a country in the world where the case was not reported at length. But at last, at what seemed at last Governor Fuller, on August 3, 1927, announced that Sacco and Vanzetti were to die and the execution was fixed for August 10.

By this time the whole atmosphere was charged, as it were, with electricity. Crowds paraded in front of the Boston prison, or as near as they could get to it. The newspapers published every scrap of information they could get—and some they couldn't. Robert G. Elliott, the executioner (he was a decent old guy) was called to the scene.

He arrived late that evening, and so excited were the prison staff at the tumult over the case that they forgot to provide dinner for him! He had to send word to the staff that he was present and wanted fed. A tray was brought to him from the Warden's house.

Outside the prison great crowds moved to and fro. Police kept them moving, mounted police too. Hundreds of cars rolled up and caused a traffic jam. The prison was garrisoned and armed, in case..

The eyes of the world were on Boston that night.

And then came an anticlimax. It was announced that Governor Fuller was granting a last-hour postponement in order to await the verdict of a Supreme Court Justice on a writ of error.

The thousands of people outside the prison began to cheer. The cars rolled away. Everybody thought that Sacco and Vanzetti had got through the legal mesh. Bob G. Elliott went to spend the remainder of the night in an hotel.

But that was not yet the end. The Supreme Court justice threw out the writ. The execution of both prisoners was fixed for August 22.

Again excitement ran high. In the interval there had been a demonstration as far afield as Buenos Ayres, where the windows of the American Con-

sulate were smashed. But that didn't stop the wheels of justice, which rolled on calmly. Elliott, the executioner, arrived at the prison late that afternoon. Others of us with tickets to be witnesses of the scene, got there not later than 11 p.m.

Sacco and Vanzetti were scheduled to be thrown into eternity by electric current an hour later.

(To be concluded)

Alex Cracks

"Yes," he said, "wireless is a marvellous thing. Why, by just turning a tiny knob you can have absolute silence."

It's bad enough to be always in debt, but it's a thousand times worse when nobody will let you get into debt.

An Irishman, admiring a couple of dogs, remarked to their owner: "Those two animals are very much alike, especially that one."

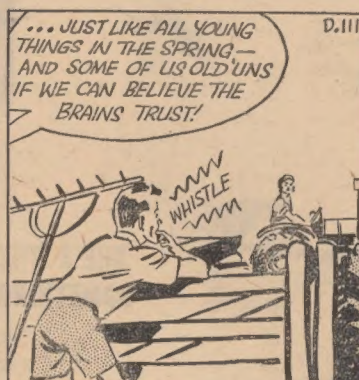
USELESS EUSTACE



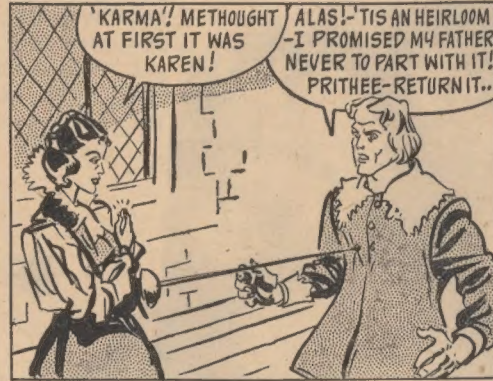
"Er, it seems we're clutterin' up the old gent's premises with sunken Jap warships, sir!"



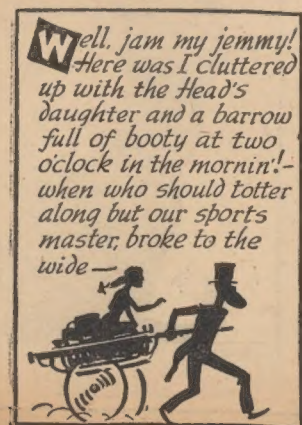
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Musicals Abound

MUSICALS show no signs of losing their popularity, and in the crop of films scheduled for London showing and general release in the near future are many more mammoth productions from the big studios.

M-G-M. have already given us the record-breaking "Meet Me in St. Louis," which features Judy Garland and the now famous "Trolly Song," and "Music for the Millions," with Jose Iturbi, Jimmy Durante and June Allyson. In the near future they promise two Fred Astaire films, "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Yolanda and the Thief," "Thrill of a Romance," with Van Johnson and Esther Williams, and "Early to Wed," with the same couple, all in Technicolor. Also from the same studio is to come "Two Sisters from Boston," with the young starlets Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson as the sisters and Jimmy Durante back again to supply the laughs. The Crosby chords are aired again in "Here Come the Waves," in which he is co-starred with dynamic Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts, and Bing will be seen later in the year in another Paramount musical, "Blue Skies," which is to feature a cavalcade of Irving Berlin hits. Betty plays the night-club star, Texas Guinan, in "Incendiary Blonde," which is also promised by Paramount in the near future.

Yes, Hollywood has realised at last that musicals hold more popular appeal than war films, however good these may be, and the accent is definitely on the gay escapist type of entertainment in the 1945 line-up.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

|         |          |
|---------|----------|
| STEP    | CANARD   |
| WAKEFUL | LEE      |
| IXIA    | REGIME   |
| TIN     | D. CABER |
| C       | GLIB MID |
| HA      | ENURE YE |
| USA     | DISC X   |
| BRUSH   | D. APE   |
| LOITER  | SLUT     |
| ART     | ROMANCE  |
| BASSET  | PEER     |

|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |   |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---|
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8 |
| 9  | 10 |    |    | 11 |    |    |   |
| 12 |    |    |    | 13 |    |    |   |
| 14 |    |    | 15 |    |    | 16 |   |
| 17 |    |    | 18 |    |    | 19 |   |
| 20 | 21 |    |    | 22 |    |    |   |
| 23 |    | 24 |    | 25 | 26 |    |   |
| 27 | 28 |    |    | 29 |    |    |   |
|    | 30 |    |    | 31 |    |    |   |
| 32 |    |    |    | 33 |    |    |   |
|    | 34 |    |    |    |    |    |   |

CLUES ACROSS. — 2 Red-Indian child. 9 Over. 11 Worn emblem. 12 Teacher. 13 Common adjective. 14 Sailors. 15 Kinds of goods. 17 Bird. 18 Scowl. 19 What. 20 Servant. 23 Of French. 24 Malarial fever. 25 Space of time. 27 Additions. 29 Bassinet. 30 Liable. 31 Portion. 32 Boat. 33 Join. 34 Massaged.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Be vigilant. 2 Strong. 3 Admit. 4 Through. 5 Thrust forward. 6 Desert. 7 British statesman. 8 Language. 10 Desks. 15 Extra pay. 16 Take away. 18 Recipient of gift. 21 Big sea-fish. 22 Sea nymph. 23 Tennis equality. 26 Eastern title. 28 Liquid-holder. 29 Tree. 31 Dog's foot.



# Good Morning

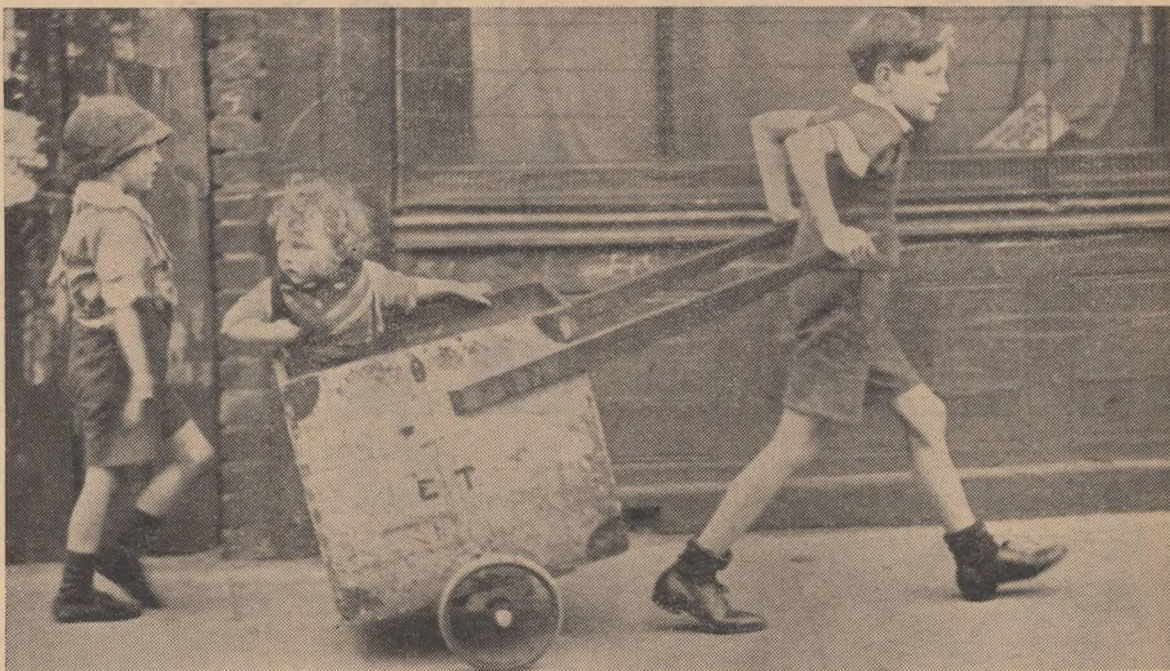
## IS THERE A SCOTSMAN IN THE BOAT?

This picture of Edinburgh was picked out by a poor wee Sassenach who really knows no better. He swears it's a fine picture taken from Castle hill, and worthy of Scotland's capital. He pointed out with pride the Scott monument—but as he had his finger on a factory chimney stack at the moment, we have little respect for his judgment. If any Scot is disappointed, we promise to print a fine view of the buffet at Waverley Station to make up for it.



## SHE'S THE 'SOMETHING' IN "SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS" !

20th Century-Fox modestly describe her as gorgeous, glamorous, glorious Vivian Blaine. We think they've got something there. So have the boys ! So has the gal !



All the mystery of the glamorous East pervades this picture of old Chinatown. The slant-eyed rickshaw boy pads silently through the burning streets—"Hold it, you dope, you're off on the wrong tack ! It's the East all right, but the East End of London. And old Chinatown is Limehouse Causeway !"



"She's just a slip of a girl," said Pop, when he showed us this cherished pin-up from his famous collection. We goggled. Then, quick as a flash, we came right back at him. "Did she slip, or was she pushed?" we asked, innocently.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Knowing Pop at all, was just a slip of a girl."

